LAST DAYS OF

LOKI

AGENT OF ASGARD

EWING
GARBETT
FABELA

MARVEL 014

SECRET WARS

LOKI IS THE GOD OF STORIES.

HE'S GOT A MORTAL FRIEND NAMED VERITY WILLIS
WHO CAN SEE THROUGH ANY LIE.

THERE'S ANOTHER LOKI FROM AN ALTERNATE FUTURE
WHO CAME BACK IN TIME. HE'S THE BAD GUY.

ALSO, AN ALTERNATE EARTH IS CRASHING INTO THIS
ONE AND THE UNIVERSE IS ABOUT TO END.

THAT'S PRETTY MUCH ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

"LAST NIGHT... I HAD A *DREAM.*

"I WAS ON A *DESOLATE PLAIN* BENEATH A FORGOTTEN *SKY,* VOID OF STARS.

"*OUTSIDE* THE REALMS. OUTSIDE *ALL REALITIES.*"

YOU.

SMALL ONE.

KNOW US.

"AND FACED WITH *GODS ABOVE GODS,* LONG THOUGHT *DEAD.*"

THOSE WHO SIT ABOVE IN SHADOW...

YOU-- YOU ARE *NO MORE!* YOU WERE *SLAIN* WHEN MY SON THOR *ENDED* THE GREAT CYCLE!

WITHOUT *RAGNAROK,* YOU CANNOT *EXIST--*

AYE.

BUT NOW IS YOUR *NEW* RAGNAROK.

NOW THE STARS END-- AND WE RETURN!

FOR NOTHING YOU DREAM OF IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO ACCOMPLISH!

NOW-- SLAY YOUR ENEMIES, SMALL GOD!

SLAY YOUR ENEMIES AND ALL YOU DESIRE SHALL BE YOURS!

"AND WHEN I WOKE--I KNEW, IN MY HEART'S BLOOD.

"THE END WAS UPON US."

YOU CALL YOURSELF THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS!

YOU STRUT ON YOUR STAGE, AS IF WORDS AND TREATIES COULD HOLD BACK COSMIC OBLIVION!

WELL, THE APOCALYPSE WILL WAIT NO LONGER! SO KNEEL, THOU MILK-BLOODS--AND PLEDGE YOUR ARMS TO YOUR ALL-FATHER!

FOR THE LAST DAY HAS COME!

THIS IS ODIN.
ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD.

...A-HEM.

KING ODIN...EVEN FOR YOU, THIS IS A PREPOSTEROUS INTRUSION UPON OUR CHAMBERS.

I MEAN, REALLY. A DREAM?

YOU...YOU DARE...?

I AM ODIN BORSON! ODIN ONE-EYE! MY LIGHTEST NAP IS OF MORE IMPORT THAN YOUR ENTIRE LIFE!

I TELL YOU PLAIN, ELF-- A CONFLAGRATION HAS BEGUN UPON MIDGARD THAT THREATENS TO DOOM US ALL--

AS HAS BEEN THE CASE TIME AND AGAIN THESE PAST MONTHS-- AND ALWAYS COMING TO NOTHING.

WE IN HEVEN BELIEVE SUCH "COSMOS CHANGE" IS MERELY A NATURAL MULTIVERSAL PROCESS--

ENOUGH!

I HAVE WASTED ENOUGH PRECIOUS TIME ON FOOLS WITHOUT EARS!

LOOK TO YOUR HEARTS, IF YOU HAVE SUCH! TO YOUR BLOOD AND YOUR BONES AND THE OMENS IN YOUR SKIES!

FOR I TELL YOU ONLY THE TRUTH THAT LIES THERE--

--THAT THE SAGA OF THE TEN REALMS ENDS TODAY!

THIS IS FREYJA.
ALL-MOTHER OF ASGARD.

YOU TOLD THEM *WHAT--?*

TO *BEND* TO MY WILL! THE WILL OF *ODIN--FATHER* OF ALL!

WHAMM

TOGETHER, PERHAPS WE HAVE THE *SMALLEST CHANCE* TO ESCAPE THE *DEATH OF EVERYTHING*--IF THESE COWARDS WOULD JUST *LISTEN*--

--BUT YOU HAVE POISONED THEM *AGAINST* ME! AGAINST THE *TRUE* RULER OF THESE REALMS!

DO NOT BE A *FOOL*, HUSBAND--

YOU CALL *ME* FOOL? *MY* WISDOM COMES FROM THE *SOURCE OF WISDOM ITSELF*--

AYE-- SHOULD YOU EVER *CALL* ON IT!

WHICH I HAVE YET TO SEE!

YOU WISHED OUR ENEMIES AMONG THE CONGRESS TO *KNEEL?* YOU'VE ONLY GIVEN THEM A DEADLINE TO *RISE UP* BY!

FOR WHO AMONG THEM WOULD NOT BE *HAPPY* TO DIE TODAY, IF *HONOR* WAS *SATISFIED?* OLD GRUDGES *PAID FOR* AT LAST?

CAN YOU NAME EVEN *ONE?*

WELL, *I* CAN, DEAR MOTHER.

THE QUESTION IS, HOW TO *STAY ALIVE...?*

THIS IS "KING LOKI."
EVIL "GOD OF LIES" FROM A DEFUNCT FUTURE.

THIS IS VERITY WILLIS'S APARTMENT.
IN MANHATTAN.

BROWWRR!
I'M A HAIRY BEAR!
LOOK AT THAT! I'M SHAVING AN "S" INTO THAT!

THIS IS LOKI.
GOD OF STORIES. ADOPTED CHILD OF ODIN AND FREYJA. FROM RIGHT NOW.

ALTHOUGH... NOT SURE ABOUT THESE EARS.
WHAT D'YOU RECKON? GOOD EARS?

WHAT DO I "RECKON"?
I "RECKON" WE START WITH YOU BEING HALF A FOOT TALLER WITH A DIFFERENT VOICE! WHERE'S THE REAL LOKI?

THIS IS VERITY.
HUMAN LIE-DETECTOR.

ARE YOU HIM?
IS... IS HE DEAD?
DUNNO. IS SCHRÖDINGER'S CAT?

YOUR CHOICE.
EITHER WAY, HE'S OUT OF THAT BOX.

THIS IS MY *FRIEND* WE'RE TALKING ABOUT--

"IT IS *NOT DYING.*" SO THEY *TELL* ME, ANYWAY.

BUT HE'S NOT COMING *BACK*, BECAUSE *I'M* NOT GOING *BACKWARDS.*

WE MOVE *FORWARD.* WE *LEARN.* WE DO *DIFFERENT.*

OOH, MAYBE ME AND HIM COULD *TEAM UP*, THOUGH--

NO! TOO SOON!

THAT STORY'S *OVER.* NEW CHAPTER.

CAN'T WASTE TIME, IT'LL BE *MY* TURN SOON ENOUGH.

THAT'S THE *THING* ABOUT STORIES-- THEY *HAVE* TO END TO *MEAN* ANYTHING. I *CAN'T* BE LOKI FOREVER.

BUT RIGHT NOW, *I'M* THE GOD OF STORIES FOR THIS TIME AND PLACE--AND I'M NOBODY'S BUT MY *OWN.*

I'M *ME.*

FIRST, LAST AND ALWAYS.

...WHAT?

I'VE, UH, NEVER SEEN YOU...DO THAT. I KNEW YOU *COULD* DO THAT...BUT...

WELL, I'M NEVER GOING TO BE JUST *ONE THING*, AM I? I'M NOT "GODDESS OF *SOME* STORIES"...

I--DIDN'T MEAN--

KRADOOMMM

NEVER MIND *THAT!* NEW TOPIC!

WHAT JUST *EXPLODED?* AND *WHY?*

YOU--YOU SAID THE *WORLD* WAS ENDING...

DID I? OH.

IS THIS WHAT THE *NEWS* WAS TALKING ABOUT? THE *INCURSIONS?*

NO. *THIS* IS THE *LAST* INCURSION.

"I CAN *FEEL* IT. *EVERY* GOD'S GOING TO FEEL IT.

"IN THE *CORE* OF THEM. IN THEIR *BONES.*

"THE DAY OF *LAST BATTLE.*

"THE *END* OF THIS UNIVERSE--THE *FINAL DEATH* OF THE *WORLD TREE.*"

THE END OF ALL *STORIES...*

...WAIT A SECOND.

YOU'RE *LYING* TO ME.

WELL, I WAS *EXAGGERATING.* DRAMATIC EFFECT. HOW'D YOU *KNOW?*

HOW DON'T *YOU* KNOW HOW I KNOW? WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU?!

OH, *I* DON'T KNOW! I'M EITHER HALF AN *EON* OLD OR HALF AN *HOUR* OLD! OR *BOTH!* OR *NEITHER!*

MY MEMORY'S *FUZZY,* ALL RIGHT?

BUT IT'S *NOT* THE END? THERE'S--THERE'S *HOPE?*

IT'S NEVER THE END OF *ALL* STORIES. THEY GET EVERYWHERE. LIKE *ROACHES.*

WIPE OUT THE WHOLE *OMNIVERSE*-- THERE'LL *STILL* BE A STORY *SOMEWHERE. LOADS,* PROBABLY.

THERE'S A STORY EVERYWHERE YOU *LOOK...*

...SHE SAID.

WHILE LOOKING POINTEDLY AT *YOU.*

...WHAT?

REALLY? THOUGHT I'D NEVER ASK? WHAT'S *YOUR* STORY, MISS VERITY *WILLIS?*

BET IT'S A GOOD ONE.

THE-- THE WORLD IS *ENDING!* MY LIFE STORY'S NOT *IMPORTANT* RIGHT NOW--

OH? YOU RECKON?

BECAUSE *I* THINK IT MIGHT BE THE MOST IMPORTANT THING THERE *IS.*

THIS IS HEIMDALL.
WATCHMAN OF THE GODS.

IT HAS *BEGUN.*

UPON *MIDGARD,* THROUGH WHOSE *SOLAR SYSTEM* ASGARDIA JOURNEYS, *SUPERHUMANS* VIE WITH THE DEATH-MACHINES OF A *SECOND EARTH.*

THE *CATACLYSM* GROWS CLOSER BY THE *HOUR.*

IN *VANAHEIM,* THERE IS TALK OF *REVOLT* AGAINST THE "HIGH-NOSES." OLD *GRIEVANCES* GAIN NEW *AIRINGS.*

IN *SVARTALFHEIM,* I GLIMPSED *MALEKITH,* MOURNING LONG-HELD SCHEMES--THEN HE *HID* FROM MY SIGHT ONCE MORE.

FROST GIANTS MASS FOR WAR IN *JOTUNHEIM--*

--FIRE-DEMONS IN MUSPELHEIM. *TROLLS* MASS *EVERYWHERE.*

AND IN THE DEPTHS OF *HEL--*

ENOUGH, HEIMDALL.

THY MESSAGE IS *PLAIN.*

MIDGARD IS-- AS *EVER*--A ROILING SEA OF *CHAOS AND MADNESS--*

--AND OUR ENEMIES TAKE *ADVANTAGE* OF THIS TUMULT TO STORE THEIR *KNIVES* IN OUR *BACKS!*

AND AS FOR *VANAHEIM! THOSE* LOW-BORN TRAITORS--THOSE *UNGRATEFUL, FILTH-HANDED GOAT-MUCKERS--*

I AM VANIR *MYSELF,* HUSBAND--

AYE, WOMAN! *DO I NOT KNOW IT!*

--AND SO I *UNDERSTAND* THAT SUCH TALK IS AS *CHEAP* AS IT IS *PLENTIFUL.*

THERE ARE TREATIES *OLD* AND *NEW* BETWEEN US, AND THEY ARE NOT *EASILY* BROKEN. SHOULD IT *COME* TO IT, MY PEOPLE *WILL* STAND WITH ASGARD.

LIKEWISE THE DWARVES OF *NIDAVELLIR*--AND, IF THEY ARE *CAPABLE,* THE NOBLES OF *ALFHEIM--*

BAH!

FARM-HANDS, DIRT-MINERS AND *PAMPERED PRINCELINGS!* WE WILL NEED MORE THAN *THEIR* WEAK STEEL!

IF MY *SON* WAS WITH US--IF *THOR* COULD ONLY BE *FOUND--*

THERE *IS* A KERNEL OF TRUTH TO YOUR WORDS, HUSBAND. WITHOUT *THOR* STANDING WITH US--

--EITHER THOR--

MENTION *NOT* THE *IMPOSTER--*

--WE *DO* NEED MORE.

AND, SHOULD YOU WISH TO *CEASE* YOUR RIGHT ROYAL *BLUSTERING* A MOMENT...

...WE *HAVE* MORE.

COME.

THIS IS HEL.
LAND OF DEAD GODS.

...THE DEATH OF A UNIVERSE.

I SHOULD BE GLAD. BUT 'TIS A BITTER WAY TO TRIUMPH OVER ALL.

THOSE WHO DIE TODAY WILL RESIDE IN MY REALM, OR VALHALLA, BUT BRIEFLY.

AND THESE ARE HELA AND TYR.
GODDESS OF DEATH AND GOD OF WAR, RESPECTIVELY.

FOR THE STORY IS ENDING-- EVEN THE STORY OF THE DEAD.

AND WE SHALL ALL BE WIPED AWAY...

NOT SO, DAUGHTER.

LOKI?

YOU...HAVE CHANGED...

WHY, TYR! YOU'RE AS TACTFUL AS YOU ARE TACTICAL.

BUT BACK ON TOPIC-- WHAT IF THERE WERE A WAY TO FORESTALL THE CRISIS?

TO SAVE ALL THE REALMS AND ENSURE OUR CONTINUATION?

WOULD THAT NOT BE WORTH ANY FAVOR YOU MIGHT GRANT ME?

...I SWORE AN *OATH* NEVER TO RELEASE THIS *PARTICULAR* SPIRIT INTO THE WORLD OF GODS AND MEN *AGAIN*, LOKI.

'TIS NO *SMALL* THING YOU ASK.

CAN I *TRUST* YOU?

OF *COURSE* NOT. DON'T BE SILLY.

BUT YOU'RE *DEAD* EITHER WAY--*DOUBLE* DEAD, *WIPED FROM EXISTENCE*--SO YOU'VE REALLY NO *CHOICE*.

AND *MY* NEEDS ARE *FEW*. I'M A *SENTIMENTAL* FELLOW, HERE AT THE END OF EVERYTHING...

...I JUST WANT TO SPEND TIME WITH THE *KIDS*.

THAT'S IT, SONNY. YOU HEAR MY *VOICE*, DON'T YOU? DOWN THERE IN THE DARK OF *OBLIVION*?

COME TO ME, MY BOY.

DADDY HAS A *GAME* FOR YOU...

NO, LOKI.

NO GAMES *TODAY*.

OH, POO.

BALDER--

THIS IS HEL'S BUSINESS, BROTHER!

THIS IS BALDER.
WALKER BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH. PROTECTED AGAINST ALL WEAPONS AND POISONS...

AND YOU ARE HEL'S GENERAL, TYR. YOU OWE A BOND OF ALLEGIANCE TO HELA-- I UNDERSTAND THAT.

BUT I OWE ALLEGIANCE TO ALL THAT LIVES.

AND I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO LOOSE THIS MONSTER ON THE REALMS--

TELL YOU WHAT...

ANSWER MY RIDDLE AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

I AM BEST KNOWN FOR SPREADING KISSES, AND YET NONE DARE PLACE THEIR LIPS ON ME, AND I KILL WHAT I CLING TIGHT TO.

WHO AM I?

I'LL NOT HEAR YOUR NONSENSE--

YOU GIVE UP?

BUT THE ANSWER IS SO SIMPLE, BALDER BRAVE-BLOOD!

THE ANSWER...IS MISTLETOE!

...SAVE FOR **ONE.**

WELL? WHAT SECRET POWER WOULD YOU SHOW ME, WIFE?

ANOTHER FUTURE FOE, PERHAPS? COME THROUGH TIME TO AID ASGARD IN HER HOUR OF NEED?*

BECAUSE THAT'S WORKED OUT SO VERY WELL--

YOU'VE MADE YOUR OWN ERRORS, HUSBAND-- AND YOU KNOW FULL WELL WHAT THEY ARE.**

THESE ARE THE DEEP DUNGEONS OF ASGARDIA.

WHERE SECRETS ARE KEPT.

*ODIN MET KING LOKI IN LOKI: AGENT OF ASGARD #7! -JON

**SEE RECENT EVENTS IN THOR! -JON AGAIN

AND WHAT I SHOW YOU IS NO SECRET--MERELY A CHAPTER OF HISTORY, LONG FORGOTTEN.

FORBIDDEN WEAPONS FROM A FOREIGN REALM, IMBUED WITH A FORM OF MAGIC THAT MAY YET WIN US THE BATTLE TO COME...

PAH! WE ALREADY HAVE WEAPONS, WOMAN! AND MAGIC OF OUR OWN!

KLIK-KLATCH

IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN SOME OTHERWORLDLY TRINKET TO...

...TO...

...TO REMIND ME WHY I MARRIED YOU.

YES.

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE THAT.

THESE ARE...

VOLSTAGG.

SIF.

FANDRAL.

HOGUN.

AMORA.

WELL, BROTHER?

IS THERE ANY FURTHER NEWS?

(AND SUNDRY OTHER ASGARDIANS.)

PRECIOUS *LITTLE.*

OUR FOES *MUTTER*, AND *PLOT*...AND EACH REALM WAITS FOR *ANOTHER* TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE.

PERHAPS WE *CAN* AFFORD TO LEND OUR STRENGTH TO MIDGARD'S BATTLE AFTER--

--AH.

AMORA THE ENCHANTRESS.

USE YOUR *SORCERY* TO SHOW THOSE GATHERED WHAT I SEE...

I AM UNUSED TO BEING *COMMANDED*, HEIMDALL. BUT IF IT WILL--

--BOR'S BLOOD--

IT--

IT CANNOT BE--

OH YES IT CAN!

BALDER... DEAD!

AND LOKI-- ALLIED WITH THE FORCES OF HEL--

--AND RIDING THE BACK OF JORMUNGANDR! THE WORLD SERPENT!

HE WHOM EVEN MIGHTY THOR ODINSON COULD NEVER DEFEAT--

WE-- WE CAN'T FIGHT THAT! IT CANNOT BE DONE!

WHAT-- WHAT DO WE DO?

WHAT DO WE DO?

WE DIE, BOY.

CHK-CHAK

FOR ASGARD--

--WE DIE LIKE GODS!

LEE GEE

BORN ONE MORNING AND THE SUN DIDN'T SHINE

AL EWING
WRITER

LEE GARBETT
ARTIST

ANTONIO FABELA with ANDRES MOSSA
COLOR ARTISTS

VC'S CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER

LEE GARBETT
COVER ARTIST

JON MOISAN
ASST. EDITOR

WIL MOSS
EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

LOKI CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER & JACK KIRBY

NEXT ISSUE: FAMILY FEUD!

LOKI: AGENT OF ASGARD #15

ZONE